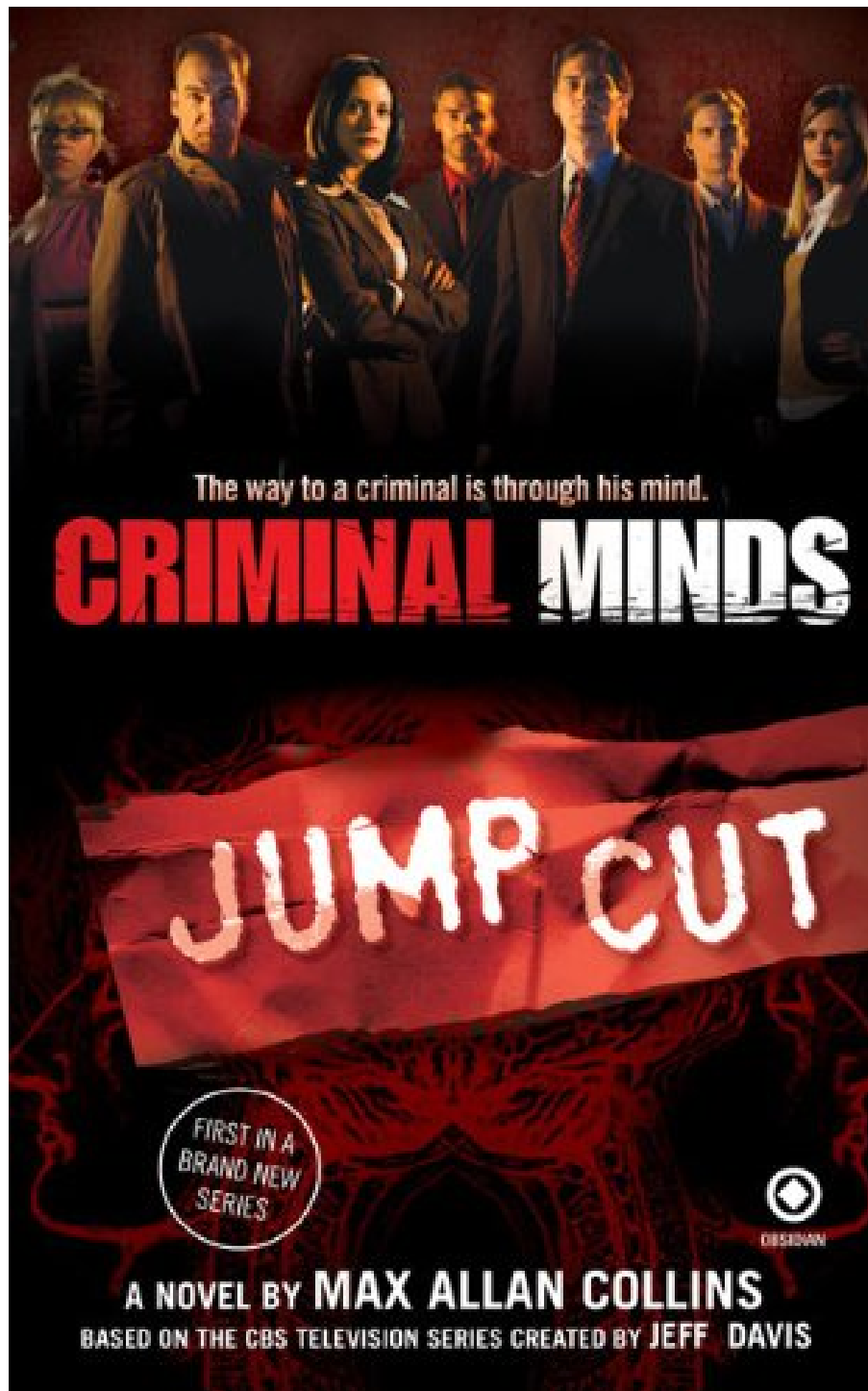


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Most helpful customer reviews

10 of 11 people found the following review helpful.

Weak Story and Unbelievable at Times.

By Darknight07

The overall premise of the book is one worthy of the show, but is poorly written. The book starts off slow due to the amount of writing used to create an initial painting of the unsubs process. The fashion descriptions were a little bit wordy for my liking. I do not think that it was necessary to describe what everyone was wearing every day. Another reviewer did point out that the author was compelled to use the team members' full title, A LOT!! After the first couple of time he should have dropped the Supervisory Special Agent title, or done what that characters have done often in the series which is to use the S.S.A. abbreviation. With Lesser FBI Characters the author has no problem using S.A. for their title.

The story lost credibility with me fast when the corner was able to pull the 4 known victims out for the team to examine, despite the fact that the crimes had started in October and the story starts in early spring. The author does tries badly to cover this error by making a brief comment about embalming fluid with one of the victims. I'm not a mortician, but that seemed like quite an unbelievable stretch for me, which started me looking more closely at the story and finding more errors (no more to be mentioned here).

IF you are looking for a light read based on the Criminal Minds Series, then you will probably be fine with this book. But if you are like me and were looking for a quality story up there where the television series has been then you will be sadly disappointed.

I did not expect the book to be 100% as accurate as the show, but I did want more than the 65% I got.

9 of 10 people found the following review helpful.

Great plot, average writing

By H. Byrne

I bought this online rather than wait for it to hit Australian book retailers, because I'm a bit of an obsessed fan, and didn't have the patience to wait! I was really impressed with this book. The writing style left a little to be desired - in places it felt stilted and awkward, and seemed to focus on the wrong things, like the music each character was listening to, or the clothes they were wearing. Calling JJ "Jareau" seemed a little out of place too, but these are all minor details. The plot is true-to-form, and would make a great screenplay, the little bits of profiling trivia throughout the story are well-placed and interesting, just like in the show. My only real complaint is that Garcia isn't in it enough (she is featured though, and as usual, she's awesome)!

8 of 9 people found the following review helpful.

absorbing crime thriller

By A Customer

Like most cities in the United States, Lawrence Kansas has a homeless problem that the authorities would like to move out of their area but they don't want to see anyone killed. Somebody though is murdering the homeless population, stalking them, drugging them, chaining them in an enclosed area making them hope they can get away. To date four bodies have been found in various places around the town but the police are no closer to finding the killer than they were the day the first corpse was found.

In desperation, the police call in the Behavioral Analysis Unit, a group of expert profilers to assist them in finding the killer. When the team arrives, they get to work right away and though they have no leads they come to the same interesting conclusions; the most important one being that the hate crimes are escalating with more signs of violence on the later victims. While the BAU is in Lawrence, twenty-year-old college drama student Kelly Bonder is kidnapped and the ransom is \$68,000. In such a quiet town, the profilers believe this crime is linked to their case and if they discover the connection they will find the killer. They race against the clock too uncover the perp before the ransom deadline arrives.

This novel is based on the television show Criminal Minds and readers get to see the step by step criminal investigation of the FBI. The prologue is in the first person voice of the killer and he speaks periodically throughout the book which sends goose bumps down the spine of the audience because he sounds so sane in his insanity. The investigation takes place in the third person and is also terrifying because the reader feels the tension of the last victim. This crime thriller absorbs the reader in the unfolding drama of mind games played by a brilliant serial killer.

Harriet Klausner

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But by the time he got to the conference room, Hotchner had the file down cold, his mind already cataloguing details about the UnSub--FBI-speak for the unknown subject behind these crimes.

He'd spent extra time on the crime scene photos and the autopsy protocol, including the preliminary tox screen and stomach contents that showed signs of Rohypnol. Local police reports were frequently lacking in victimology and demographics of the area around the crime scene. Either the locals were writing reports for people who already knew these things or, more often, simply did not understand how important such elements were to solving these types of crimes.

The conference room with its dark maroon walls was dominated by a round mahogany conference table with six high-back chairs. As in Hotchner's office, a picture window with venetian blinds looked out upon the expansive bullpen. A wall-mounted whiteboard just inside the door still contained scribbles from a previous case, but the wall with the flat-screen TV (next to a bulletin board of maps, circulars, photos and so on) had the attention of the seated agents of the BAU team.

Their newest member, Special Agent Emily Prentiss, sat nearest the door. The lanky thirty-something Prentiss carried the kind of sharp-featured attractiveness often wedded to keen intelligence, her reddish-tinged dark brown hair cut as straight as that of an ancient Egyptian princess. Like Jareau, she wore a dark suit.

Still somewhat of an outsider, Prentiss had joined the unit under less than ideal circumstances—unlike the rest of his team, she had not been handpicked by Hotchner; rather she had been foisted upon him when a former, valued member unexpectedly flamed out. Yale-educated and the daughter of an ambassador--and with vague high-level political connections that frankly unsettled Hotchner—Prentiss had spent ten years working in the St. Louis and Chicago field offices before her new assignment.

To her left sat Jareau, next to whom perched Dr. Spencer Reid, conspicuously the youngest member of the team. Only twenty-five and yet already in his fourth year with the FBI, Reid held doctoral degrees in Chemistry, Mathematics, and Engineering. Brown-eyed with longish brown hair that cut his forehead in a thick comma, Reid had pleasant, boyish features hardened by his horn-rimmed glasses, and was prone to

birdlike gestures that reflected energy, not nerves.

An only child with an IQ of 187 and capable of reading in the neighborhood of twenty thousand words per minute, the young man had the fashion sense and social skills of a middle-school student. Today's ensemble was a gray plaid short-sleeve dress shirt with a red-and-yellow striped tie, loosened slightly, collar of the shirt unbuttoned; his chinos were a little big on him.

Dead serious about his job—and for that matter everything in his life (including assorted Certified Nerd/Geek interests)—Reid managed to maintain a puppy-dog enthusiasm despite the horrible things he'd witnessed on the job.

Separated from Prentiss by an empty chair sat Supervisory Special Agent Derek Morgan, in a dark blue shirt unbuttoned a ways, and even darker blue slacks. Thirty-three and biracial (mother white, father African-American), the ex-Chicago cop had a law degree from Northwestern University (thanks to a full-ride football scholarship) and had been with the Bureau for seven years, coming over from ATF. His athletic build—consistent with his black belt in martial arts and his occasional role as a teacher of self-defense classes here at Quantico—stopped short of muscle-bound, and in fact he displayed an almost balletic grace.

Wickedly handsome with a killer smile, Morgan made friends wherever went, with never a shortage of interest from the opposite sex; but the sparkling eyes and flashing teeth were a wall few got behind. Morgan's personal life took a backseat to his devotion to his job, the agent as driven in his wa...

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